

## **Nu Inteleg** by **Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Krem always spends spring break with the same six friends.

They just so happen to be the friends who think a great spring break has to include skinny dipping, terrible zombie movies, and setting things on fire. And he's in love with one of them, so there's that.

## Nu Inteleg

### Author's Note:

- For [CharismaticAlpaca](#).

I feel the need to apologize for Krem's gratuitous swearing, so, uh, sorry. I just feel like his mental state is sometimes a constant stream of obscenities in multiple languages.

Yell with me about Krembull, everyone. Just do it. I will hear you.

(The title means "I don't know" in Romanian because it's my response to trying to title anything.)

Every year, Krem looked forward to his friends' Spring Break trip up North. Bull always sent out these ridiculous invitations (not e-vites. Actual invitations.), even though everyone knew the first day of break would see the seven of them piled in Bull's giant-ass truck, on the way to Grim's family's beach house. Yeah. They had a beach house. Grim didn't talk about it much, though.

The whole thing worked out great, because it meant Krem didn't have to make the nine-hour trip from his college in Ferelden back to Tevinter. Instead, he was squished in the backseat between Dalish and Skinner, with Grim asleep on Dalish's left. He could barely see out the front window over Rocky's head, and they were listening to some kind of weird synthesized music with a lot of nature sounds, because Stitches was in charge of the playlist (damn him for being the second-biggest and always getting shotgun).

It was more people than were legally allowed in a car that size, but Dalish and Skinner were small enough that they only took up half a seat, anyway.

By the time they got to the house, Dalish was asleep, canted a little to the side so her head was on Krem's chest. He had one arm around her, his other tucked between his thighs, because he was *not* gonna put an arm around

Skinner's shoulders. They were so bony, he'd probably come away with bruises.

As soon as the truck rolled to a stop in the driveway, all of them piled out, with a lot of stretching and, "oh my god, I never want to be stuck so close to you for so long again." Then, the usual squabble over who was getting the master bedroom (Bull, by verdict of "I'm biggest," and Krem, by verdict of, "I'm sleeping with Bull.")

Krem only had time to dump his stuff on the bed in the master bedroom (and okay, it was a little weird thinking about the fact that this was technically Grim's parents' bedroom, and he and Bull had screwed around in it before, and probably would again), when Dalish bounced in and started dragging him downstairs for drinks.

"Rocky brought moonshine," was a thing someone said.

"Fuck, I'm not drinking that," was a thing Krem responded.

By the time he got downstairs, Bull had already taken two shots of the moonshine and knocked his horns on the chandelier, which was mostly metal, thankfully, not one of those crystal things that weren't horn-proof.

"Krem!" Bull cheered, clapping him on the back and putting one huge arm over his shoulders. He pressed a sloppy kiss to Krem's forehead, and Krem wasn't sure if moonshine just kicked in that fast, or if this was just a Bull thing. He was gonna go with the latter.

He also made a show of grumbling and wiping the kiss off his head. Bull pouted, but freed Krem from his arm so he could get a beer. It was still difficult, because he had Rocky attached to his waist in a crushing hug. When had that happened? Rocky was definitely drunker than Bull, either because he'd started knocking back shots sooner, or because he was smaller, so they hit him hard. Or both. Probably both.

"Fuck's sake, Rocky, let go of me, and I'll actually do a shot of your stupid, probably illegal booze."

“We should swim tonight,” Dalish said from the couch, where she was laying with Skinner on top of her, her face directly in Dalish’s boobs. So, the usual for them.

“I don’t wanna to unpack and find my swimsuit,” Stitches complained. He had some kind of mixed drink, which was probably good, because Stitches was a genius at mixed drinks. Krem would have to ask him for one, when he wasn’t having a shot glass with Val Royeaux’s skyline etched on it foisted upon him by Rocky.

“We could skinny dip,” Bull suggested, and Krem was glad he could attribute his sudden coughing to the Bull’s dumb idea instead of the burning in his throat.

“What the shit?” he said.

“Hell no,” Stitches said at the same time.

“No, no, it would be great,” Bull said, lumbering over to Stitches and sitting next to his armchair. “Think about it. It’s dark out, no one else is gonna be on the lake, nudity...”

Krem rolled his eyes and chased his shot with another swallow of the beer he’d already opened. “Not gonna happen,” he said firmly.

It was a testament to Rocky’s taste in strong alcohol that Krem’s, “not gonna happen,” turned into “whatever, as long as I wear boxers,” after a few minutes, and then into, “whatever, half you assholes have seen me naked already anyway.” And that’s how he ended up stripping out of his T-shirt (and yes, it was one of the ones Bull made for last year’s beach volleyball tournament that read “CHARGERS” across the back) and leaving his clothes in a pile on the beach with all the others’.

He was shirtless a good fifty percent of the time these days, because he was, as Dalish often said, “showing off the muscle he finally got.” Bull was a good workout buddy, and Krem had, like, *guns* now. But he did cringe a little as he stepped out of his boxers, thankful that it was dark enough that no one would be able to ogle his ass.

“Shit, it’s freezing,” he said as soon as he was knee-deep in the water.

“You should’ve had more to drink, you’d be warmer!” Bull was already treading water out near the buoys marking the swimming zone of the lake. Stitches hollered that alcohol didn’t work that way.

“Fuck you, too,” Krem muttered, watching minnows swim around his ankles.

“Get *in*,” Dalish urged him, “standing over there with your ass out isn’t going to help.”

“This is stupid,” Krem decided, and stepped out of the shallow water, making his way to the pile of clothes because 1. cold, and 2. if there was ever a time for lake monsters to attack them, it was now. He would’ve gotten dressed and headed back to the house, but Bull, being Bull, got out of the water to haul him into it. Bull threw him over his shoulder and waded out until it was deep enough for him to drop Krem straight into it. He should have expected this.

He popped above the surface, spitting lake water and curses at the Bull. “What the fuck!? You don’t just *do that*, Bull! Fucking hell, you maker-damned blockhead, what’re you trying to do, drown my ass?”

Bull just smacked him on the back jovially and said, “aww, Krem, come on, you gotta admit it’s more fun in here.”

“If we were gonna go naked-swimming, we should’ve done it in the hot tub,” Krem said, and Grim, who was swimming with all but his head underwater nearby, nodded and made a grunt that sounded assentive.

Dalish, meanwhile, was yelling something about naked chicken, and had Skinner sitting on her shoulders, elbows and knees pointing out awkwardly. “No one wants to do that!” Rocky shouted back. Rocky looked funny when he was all wet, because his mustache drooped down and made him look like he didn’t have a mouth. Soggy, mouthless dwarf. Krem chuckled.

“Told you you’d have fun,” Bull said.

“I’m just laughing at Rocky.”

Stitches was being a lame-ass and sitting on the dock in his boxers, having said something like, “someone has to make sure none of you dumbasses drown, and I’m the only one who’s CPR-certified, so it’s gonna be me.”

Krem sighed and let himself float backwards into Bull’s chest, scraping his wet mass of hair out of his eyes and back up onto his forehead where it belonged. Skinner, in the distance, toppled off Dalish’s shoulders. Bull wrapped his arms around Krem’s front, which he appreciated, because they were far enough out that Krem couldn’t stand. He rested his folded-up arms on Bull’s like he was sitting in an inner tube, letting his legs float.

“I’m fucking freezing,” he said.

“I could warm you up,” Bull replied.

It was useless flirting; Bull wouldn’t *actually* make a move on him in front of their friends. “Sadly, the water makes your body heat less effective.”

“Damn shame.”

Dalish floated up to them and held onto Bull’s arm to keep herself above-water. Krem could see her arms and torso through the lake water, but it was opaque enough that she looked like a ghost floating there. “It’s kind of thrilling, doing this sort of thing,” she said, kicking her legs every so often so she bobbed up and down. It reminded Krem of how she’d roll back onto her heels and then forward again when she stood. “You know, I went skinny dipping in high school once, at the local pool, and we got chased off by the police. I ran for like half a mile in just a towel.”

“Sounds like something you’d do,” Bull said fondly, and Krem patted her damp head.

Eventually, Skinner swam over and yanked on Dalish’s feet until she squealed and practically climbed up Bull’s shoulder. Krem didn’t think he’d ever do that to someone he wasn’t sleeping with, but Dalish had no shame about her tits being pressed to Bull’s shoulder and his elbow in her belly.

“Fuck off, don’t drown your girlfriend,” Krem said when Skinner emerged, tossing wet black hair out of her eyes.

“This is beginning to become ridiculous,” Skinner said, “I want to go back inside before one of us gets hypothermia or Rocky drowns.”

“He doesn’t swim very well, does he,” Dalish added. Krem couldn’t really tell; Rocky just looked like a floating head in the distance, over by the dock with Stitches and Grim, who was leaning his elbows on the dock.

Stitches, the benevolent, wonderful creature that he was, had brought a stack of towels in from the house, so they didn’t have to put their clothes back on over wet bodies. Krem didn’t put his clothes back on at all, just slung a towel over his waist so everything important was covered and put his shoes back on, then scooped his bundle of clothes off of the rocky beach. Bull followed him back to the house completely stark-naked, with the towel *over his shoulders*, where it was *completely useless*. Ridiculous.

Skinny dipping aside (or included, maybe), it was a fantastic first night to Spring Break—Krem was in his comfiest sweats, curled up on Bull’s lap, and watching a horror movie that had Dalish occasionally squealing. They were all a little drunk; Skinner busted out a bottle of wine (one of those huge ones that was pretty trashy but still drinkable), and wine-drunk was coincidentally Krem’s favorite form of drunk. He kept grinning, and Bull was nosing the spot behind his ear, his stubble scraping on the buzzed part of Krem’s head. So nice.

His feet were tucked under Stitches’ thigh, and he wiggled his toes when he wanted to get his attention to laugh with him about something, usually Dalish’s reactions to all the jump-scares. Krem wasn’t letting any of them know he’d freaked out the first time he watched this movie, and the only reason he was calm was because he was drunk and knew where the zombies were hiding already. Bull started to leave kisses down the slope of his neck.

Rocky, who was on the floor in front of them, tipped his head up. “You two are making out, aren’t you?”

“What? No. I’ve never made out with Bull,” Krem said drily, freeing one of his feet so he could prod Rocky in the back of the head.

“Yeah, except for every night ever,” Skinner said, and Grim chuckled.

Bull kissed Krem on the neck, loud enough to fuck with Rocky, who elbowed Bull in the calf, which was all he could really reach.

The main character of the movie was being chased around an abandoned elementary school by child zombies, and if Krem was being honest, that part was fucking creepy, but he was duly distracted by Bull’s hand creeping under his sweatshirt and playing with the hem of his tank top. He was close enough to the center of Krem’s stomach that if he sat up straight, Bull’s hand would be right on his crotch. It was a little thrilling. And the movie’s heroine had just slammed a door shut on a zombie’s head. Ugh. Krem was gonna get a headache just thinking about that.

They had the TV turned up loud enough at the climax of the movie that the wineglasses rattled a little (yeah, Grim’s family had real wineglasses, they were being classy as shit), and Bull tipped Krem’s head to the side a little so he could really kiss him good, could suck on the side of his neck until Krem was breathing hard for reasons other than fear of zombies. Bull’s fingers tucked under his shirt and he ran his thumb over one of the thin, crescent-shaped scars on Krem’s chest.

Then, all the sound cut out, and the scene was bright enough that Krem could see Dalish burying her head in Skinner’s back, arms around her (probably grabbing her boobs, which made it less cute). Bull’s face was still against his neck, but he’d stopped giving him love bites in lieu of just watching the movie with his face there.

“You’re totally making out,” Rocky said.

“Stop ruining the movie!” Skinner said.

By the end of the movie, Krem was pretty sure he had the beginnings of a sizable hickey on his neck, which the hood of his sweatshirt only partly covered. And, Bull had one hand between his pecs and the other tucked into



his waistband, so, uh. Yeah. Bull slid his hand out of Krem's clothes and patted him on the side. "We watching another one?"

"There's a sequel." Skinner already had the second movie highlighted on Netflix.

"Of course you'd know there's a sequel," Stitches sighed, throwing an arm around Grim. "Why are you so into this blood-and-gore stuff?"

"Dunno. Why aren't you? You're gonna be a nurse or whatever, you have to deal with it in real life."

"I don't think in real life, the patients are going to try to eat my brains," Stitches said.

"Speak for yourself, when I got my wisdom teeth out, I was so high, I probably tried something like that," Dalish said, mid-reach across the table for more wine.

"Krem doesn't have wisdom teeth," Bull said, which was true, he was missing them because he was evolutionarily advantaged or some shit.

"You'd know, you've got your tongue back there half the time."

Krem flicked Grim in the head for that.

During the second movie, which ended up being the zombie sequel (voting for movies was always a toss-up, and Bull was surprisingly into rom-coms, but Skinner and Grim won out), Krem and Bull relocated to the floor, so he was straight-up laying on Bull rather than being curled in an pretzel-like fashion on his lap. His legs were stretched out, and he frowned at how short he was in comparison to Bull.

Krem hadn't seen the sequel, so he was a little freaked out. The special effects were really good, okay? And it wasn't unmanly to scream in a not-at-all-high-pitched way when a zombie popped out of someone's car trunk. Bull had an arm securely around his waist, which was nice, and he didn't

even care when Krem dug his nails into his arm because *oh my god that thing was seriously peeling her skin off.*

“Fuck, that’s nasty. Skinner, how are you *eating* right now?”

And she wasn’t just eating, she was eating *beef jerky*, which looked way too visceral for horror movie cuisine. “It’s *good.*” she said. Fuck that, Krem thought.

Bull was into the movie this time, probably because this wasn’t the fifth time he’d watched it, but he did have one huge hand in the pocket of Krem’s hoodie for some reason. And he was focused enough not to do that little chuckle he’d normally do when Krem buried his face in Bull’s chest because zombies were gross. He did laugh and kiss the shell of Krem’s ear when he tensed up and yelped at a jump scare.

“You don’t like horror, do you, Krem?”

“It’s fine,” Krem said, clearing his throat, and then repeating, lower, “it’s fine. All good. Doesn’t scare me.” He knew exactly what face Bull was making, the one where his eyebrows rose and the corners of his mouth tensed like he was going to smile because he knew he was right, the asshole.

Bull removed his hand from Krem’s pocket and smoothed it down his front, dragging his palm back up so he could rub slow circles on Krem’s chest. It was what he did when Krem got anxious, and it was stupid that he’d feel the need to do it now, because Krem definitely wasn’t anxious.

Fuck! Zombies in a telephone booth!

Okay, maybe a little anxious.

“Those two are gonna try and fuck,” Bull said into his ear, nodding at two of the characters who’d had some kind of stupid romantic tension going on for most of the first twenty minutes, “and then she’s going to get eaten.”

“Kind of a typical plotline, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, but I’m still calling it.”

“Okay, but I think the dude is the one who’s gonna get eaten,” Krem said.

“You’re on.” Bull patted him on the thigh.

The sex scene happened, as per Bull’s prediction, and Krem probably *could* have rolled his eyes harder, but they might’ve gotten stuck that way, so he settled for sliding down in Bull’s lap and groaning exaggeratedly. “Why is this even *in here*? I don’t wanna watch this with you guys.”

“I wanna watch this,” Skinner said around another mouthful of beef jerky. The girl was kind of pretty, after all. And blonde, so she was Skinner’s type.

“Seriously, though, why does a horror movie need a sex scene?” Stitches asked. Grim just chuckled and poured himself some more wine.

“Right? Stitches gets me,” Krem said, tugging his phone out of his pocket. There wasn’t really a need to check it—all his friends were right here—but he did not want to watch some actress in an unconvincing blonde wig get fake-boned by an actor who was making these grunting noises that no one should ever make during sex. He took a snapchat of himself laying with his head on Bull’s belly and sent it to Skinner, who told him to go fuck himself for making her phone go off when she was “concentrating.”

Sure. Concentrating.

Krem sat bolt upright and screamed a little (actually, it was more of a very emotive “HOLY FUCK!” but everyone called it a scream) when a zombie chewed its way out of the closet and bit the guy’s calf. Grunty-dude was screaming, blood was everywhere, Krem vaguely wondered what this movie’s budget for fake blood had been, and Bull just laughed and tugged Krem closer to him. The girl, still in her underwear, was scrambling up the bed to get away from the zombie, and her boyfriend, who was now turning into a zombie. Krem supposed it was meant to be sexy, the whole thing with the girl running away in just a bra and panties, but the fact that it ended with her getting dragged down the hall and eaten didn’t really get him going.

“So, if they both got eaten, who wins?” he asked Bull.

“We didn’t bet anything,” Bull said.

“Then I guess we just have the satisfaction that we don’t sound like that when we do it.”

Bull laughed and kissed the back of Krem’s neck. “True. Alright, I’m starting a bonfire, who’s with me?”

“Movie’s not over,” Skinner said.

“Don’t care,” Krem replied, hopping up, ready to head anywhere he wouldn’t have to watch this fake blood ad disguised as a film.

The fire pit out back was only so big, and they couldn’t really get a full-size bonfire going, but Krem was nothing if not a bit of a pyro, so they had a decent-sized campfire before the movie ended. Everyone else had stayed inside to figure out whether the zombie infestation spread to the main characters (he’d just get the details from Dalish later), and Krem sat next to Bull on the landscaping stones that circled the fire pit, enjoying the heat of the fire on his face and the heat of Bull’s hand at his back. Oh yeah, and Bull’s lips pressed to his, that was nice too.

Both of them had every project ever due just before Spring Break, so they hadn’t gotten much time to *enjoy each other*, and Krem was all about making up for lost time. Especially when doing so meant Bull’s thumb on his chin, tipping his face just so, and his legs on either side of Bull, hands firm on either side of Bull’s neck. Krem had been nervous about kissing people before Bull, but with him, it was fun.

Bull dug his fingers into Krem’s sides, just below his ribs, and Krem leaned back to laugh and tell him, “cut it out, dumbass, that tickles.” Bull chased after his lips and Krem laid back on the grass, let Bull cover his body and suck on his lower lip a little bit, in the way that was, wow, kind of sexy. Bull made it easy for Krem to smile into his kisses. He ran his fingers along Bull’s right horn and then put his arm around Bull’s shoulders, holding him

close. He could just barely hear the wet sounds of Bull's lips on his over the crackling of the fire and the scrape of Bull's stubble on his chin.

There was a perfectly good room they'd called dibs on upstairs, but it was kind of, ugh, *romantic* to kiss him under the stars. Gross. Bull sank his hands into Krem's still-damp hair and sank down a bit to fully straddle one of his thighs, and, well, Bull was just as turned on as he was, apparently. Bull leaned back and Krem sat up a little, smiled when Bull put an arm around him so when he laid back, his head wasn't in the grass anymore. He tipped his head back and Bull kissed down his throat to the hollow his collarbone. It was more cuddly than erotic, Krem thought, but it still sent a course of heat running through him that wasn't from the fire.

Bull pressed a soft kiss over the hickey he'd left on Krem's neck earlier, and distantly, Krem heard the sliding back door open. He didn't totally register it until after he'd nudged Bull back up to his lips for another kiss. Bull's thumb was rubbing that spot, on the nape of his neck, the one that made his whole skull tingle, and he squeezed his legs tighter around Bull's waist and sighed a little into his mouth.

"Are you guys fucking?"

Krem froze immediately at Rocky's voice, but Bull just chuckled and sat up slowly, dislodging himself from Krem. "Nah," he said.

"Why in the world would we be fucking *outside*?" Krem asked.

"I dunno, Bull's into some weird shit," Rocky said, wandering over to sit by them.

"We're wearing clothes!" Krem said.

Rocky shrugged. "Could've been about to."

"Well, we *weren't*."

"I'm a romantic," Bull said, poking at the fire until it set off sparks. "Saving that for later, you know."

Krem elbowed him in the arm. “Where’s the rest of the guys?” he asked Rocky.

“Grabbing stuff for s’mores from the car,” Rocky said, “and I think Dalish and Skinner are banging, or something, I don’t know.” This time, he probably wasn’t wrong in his assumptions.

Krem sat back against Bull, pushed his forehead against Bull’s shoulder until Bull wrapped an arm around him. The fire may have been a blaze of heat against his front side, but everything not facing it was chilly, and Bull’s warmth and hugeness helped with that.

Stitches and Grim walked out of the house with a bag of marshmallows, having a bit of a one-sided conversation on whether an actual pandemic could cause a zombie outbreak (Stitches got ranty about medical inaccuracies). Grim was also holding a fistful of metal skewers for roasting (or, in Bull’s definition, burning) marshmallows. Stitches planted his ass next to Krem, telling Bull how the end of the movie went. “Only the main dude and his girlfriend survived. So, typical.”

“Damn. I was hoping she’d die and then he and the black dude would go for each other.”

“There’s no way that movie was ending with a gay couple,” Krem said.

“Okay, but you know those guys were both bi,” Bull argued. He had to remove his arm from around Krem so he could set a marshmallow on fire, blow it out, and then squish it between his fingers to eat it. Krem didn’t know how Bull still had his fingertips attached.

Dalish and Skinner eventually joined them, and Dalish’s hair was kind of a mess, pushed back from her forehead and a little more tangled than usual. Skinner looked unruffled, but more pleased than usual (it was really hard to tell unless you knew her, though, Skinner’s moods ranged from grumpy to slightly less grumpy), so it was pretty clear they’d been up to something. Probably making out in the closet or something, but he couldn’t really judge.

This was Krem's favorite place to be. All his closest friends around, arguing about the best possible ending for the stupid zombie movie and chucking marshmallows in the fire. Bull's arm around him again, close enough that he could feel him laugh more than hear him. Something that had been coiled in his spine began to unwind slowly the more his body curled into Bull's.

He ended up zoning enough to fall asleep a little, enough that he was surprised when Bull nudged him awake. "Hey. Want to go to bed?" he asked. He was asking in the kind of way that meant he'd come with, and Krem nodded against his shoulder.

"Yeah. I'm tired."

"C'mon, then." They walked back to the house with Bull's hand on his shoulder, not that he needed steadying, but just because. Maybe because Bull wanted the contact.

Krem didn't bother changing clothes before burying himself in blankets, but Bull took his jeans off (Krem had never seen him sleep in anything more than boxers, anyway). They slept like they always did—Bull flat on his back, Krem's head on his chest, one of Krem's arms slung over him. Bull rubbed Krem's back steadily. "Think Grim wants to take the boat out tomorrow. Gonna be a long day."

"Then we should probably stop talking and go to sleep," Krem said.

"Aww. You're no fun. At least kiss me goodnight."

Often, when Bull asked that, it ended up being much more, one goodnight kiss turning into dozens, Bull's warm hands slowly making their way over Krem's body. Things would get to the point where Bull would drive him absolutely crazy, until he sat up and declared, "all right, that's it. We're not going to sleep just yet." Then, Bull would just laugh and make quick work of getting Krem out of whatever he was wearing, carrying out the motions like he'd had a plan set since before Krem got into bed.

Tonight, though, Bull's palm was heavy on the back of Krem's neck, and he pulled him in for one solid kiss, close-mouthed and not likely to turn into a breathless chain of them, but still, ah, what was the feeling? Comforting, yes. Pleasant, also yes. Krem lingered when he pulled away, and both of them smiled.

"Go to sleep," Bull said, and Krem kissed him one more time. Bull may have been bad at endearments, but he knew him well enough to know it meant more than that. *I love you.*

"Yeah, yeah, asshole." *I love you too.*

**Author's Note:**

If you haven't been yelling about Krembull and you'd rather type forcefully about them in caps lock, you can reach me on tumblr @weezna